

Sign of the Times.

On Saturday evening last, a meeting of the friends of HENRY CLAY was held at the Court-house in this city. The large room in the Court-house was crowded. With the political objects of the meeting, we as editors, have, of course, nothing to do. But we wish to refer to the eloquent remarks made by the orator of the evening, Charles M. Thurston, Esq., on the subject of slavery. Mr. T. said that all the old questions of bank, protection, &c., had given way to a more important one—that of slavery. Every one might see that this was to be the great question. He went on to speak of some of the evils of slavery, and exclaimed, "Would to God we were rid of it!" Here the pent up feelings of those present burst forth in the most enthusiastic applause. We feel that that meeting has pronounced the doom of slavery—that then, at least, the voice of the people, was the voice of God! Let no one say now that our prospects are gloomy. Mr. Thurston said he hoped an emancipation clause would be inserted in the new Constitution. Here again he was interrupted by the most hearty applause. This may be considered the first note taken on the subject, and not a voice was lifted up in defence of slavery.

This may be considered the beginning of good times. Let all orators throughout the State take a noble stand. Mr. Thurston has done, and they need have no fear that they will not be sustained by the people. The hour is ready for the man.

The Odds.

We met an intelligent mechanic the other day on the river bank just on his return home. "Where have you been?" "To Cincinnati—I had to go there, and buy some machinery which will save me full \$25!" "How so?" "Why it is so easy to get things there from Dayton, the railroad and canal afford such an easy communication from all parts of the State, that many articles can be afforded at lower rates. And a great many of our mechanics go there to buy."

Thus it is. The free make the slave States tributary to them. We send them the iron; they work it up for us. We send it from the far interior—from East Tennessee—the mountain region of Kentucky—and it is made at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, &c., into plows, stoves, &c., and returned to us. We raise the cotton, they weave it for us.

What is the cause? Why are we thus dependent?

Any Slave or Power?

Such was the question asked us the other day by a man who came to our house. "What do you want with it?" we asked. "I sell it in Cincinnati for manufacturing purposes," was his reply. "So, then, we are contributing to other places, our very refuse wares made valuable to them, and valueless to us—because labor does not find a motive to manufacture them here. Who pays the piper? What forces us to do it?"

Go Ahead!

We are to have two new factories here soon. That's right. They will add to our strength; give their enterprising owners a lift, then, and help them by a liberal patronage. The workers in them will be freemen. The more we have of such, the more will our wealth be increased. Let us stand by labor—do for it all we can.

Awake! Awake!

For the world is rousing up! Not alone here, but in the dark despotism of Austria, not in the grinding tyranny of Naples, but everywhere, in lands barbarian, as well as Christian! Awake, then, and answer the world's swelling chorus of freedom, wisely, nobly. And what has started—what, as all will admit, has helped to swell this commotion—to make the Alps ring, and the lowlands of the Mediterranean echo back the cry for constitutional liberty in all Europe, to annihilate Royalty in France, and lift above it a glorious ideal of Republicanism? Our example! The example of Republican America! Perfect that, then—let not slave, nor master be known here, give to one and to all the goodly opportunity of doing and thriving—and, in fifty years this example of ours, will secure equality of rights and opportunities in every civilized land upon the earth.

Can we refuse? The Bey of Tunis, barbarian though he be, has abolished slavery. In his solemn proclamation, he denounces it as a disgrace to Africa, and the Mohammedan religion. Hear you that, freemen of the South? Honest, Christian slaveholders, know you this barbarian's act? You are not deaf. None of you, freemen or slaveholders, are deaf to such a glorious deed. Be the foremost then, in kindred acts. What though political persecutions, madmen, almost, on the subject of slavery, run riot; what though fawning and cringing supplicants of the free States bend the supple knee to them—do you, brave Southerners, who know the evil and the wrong, and feel the injustice of slavery, do you, rise in your might, and act yourselves, in your own right, put forth your resolve, by lofty deed make clear your lofty purpose—that all shall be free.

For yourselves, slaveholders, do this! The old King of Sardinia, wise in his way—knowing what will be, anticipates the people's demand, by giving them a Constitution. Hear you not their shout of applause? Hear you not how all Europe rings with his praise? Not thus, not because you cannot help yourselves, but because it is right, declare in behalf of emancipation, and there is not a land, far or near, not a nation, civilized or barbarian, where the people would not rise up and bless you! With one voice, the generous slaveholders of Kentucky, would be hailed as masters of themselves, and true men of mark—as true men who love liberty, and would perpetuate it the world over!

It is charged against you now, that "you breed men and maidens, for sale in the market, as the grazier owns and swine."

We have lifted our voice to defend the majority of you from this charge. We have brought upon ourselves severe rebuke for so doing. Yet let us do justice! The flag of the Union floats in sight of shambles where the traffic in human flesh is tolerated—within stables throw of the Capitol of the nation, the infernal commerce is carried on before men, and High Heaven, as it were, is just. Here, too, in our own beautiful city, where public opinion revolts at it, this trading in human beings exists, and men and women in coffins, ironed and guarded, are shipped as if they were dumb brutes, to the far South. For this you suffer! For this the cause of humanity suffers! Unite then, philanthropic slaveholders, and declare, come what may to you, whether honor or disgrace, wealth or poverty, that these wrongs shall not be, that you will have no lot, nor part, in a system which breeds a curse so insupportable, and that among the best and bravest, who will be first in demanding universal emancipation! This will dissipate all such charges, and bring you, to disgrace, not poverty, but honor, wealth, and above all, and better than all, your own self-approval, man's love, God's richest blessing, now and hereafter!

In no other way can we stop the objection dragged against us in atrocious lands—in France—in England—in America—Man is a thing, property, that marriage has no license, that family ties may be severed when adverse promptings caprice wills.

Is it so? In theory, this is all true. Examined by our slave codes, tested by our statutes, (and how else can foreigners know us?) the slave States of the South cannot gain any it. There was a time, it is true, when the stout old slaveholder, RUTLEDGE, of South Carolina, or his colleague of wider fame, PICKENS, could assert, as they did, that "Religion and Humanity have nothing to do with this question, interest alone is the governing principle of nations," but this day is past. Kentucky by solemn statute denounces and denounces this cold-blooded doctrine. She says authoritatively, in her sovereign power, "no slave from abroad shall be added to the number of slaves now on her soil." But bondage here is; it is fixed upon us; it is on our soil; and unless we remove it, declare that it goes on, there is not a depot in Europe, not a hangar-on in her Royal Courts; not a noble, with or without self-interest; not a courtier, or court follower, who cannot point to Kentucky, and say: "See there, even in this boasted land of liberty, there are slaves—even there masters lord it over men, and why should we be called upon to abandon vested rights, time-honored usages, consecrated titles, heaven-appointed rights, and its appendages?" To clear your skirts, slaveholders, to free your country from a foul blot, to make our Republicanism pure in example, come out for emancipation! Boldly, manfully declare for freedom! Erase from the statute books the slave code, and let no man, no people, point to the records of Kentucky, as sustaining human wrong, or to Kentuckians as upholding, in any way, human oppression.

Our nation, as a nation, must move in behalf of liberty, and freemen and slaveholders of the South should help it to do so. What a thrill of joy animated our Republic, when South America declared herself free! How our people leapt with enthusiastic delight when Greece burst the Turkish thralldom! From the halls of Congress, from the primary assemblies of the people, from the press, there went up but one sentiment and one voice. And what was the motive, the spring, of this pure? That freedom might be extended; that pure Republicanism might be enjoyed on our continent, and in civilized Europe! And what will South America think, what must Europe say of us, if, besides perpetrating slavery in our own land, we conquer other lands to extend it? Why, there would not be a man, woman, or child, out of the Union, that knew the facts, who would not hurl against us, burning words of scorn and contempt! Shall we put ourselves in this position? Will you, freemen of the South, will you, slaveholders, consent, through fear, self-indulgence, avarice, ambition, or any consideration whatever, to make this the world's scorn against you, and your native land? Rouse yourselves up then, stir up all your better influences, concentrate your energies, and make a brave, a great effort, to redeem yourselves from a biting curse, and the Union from a black and damning cancer spot.

See how Europe offers you, slaveholders, a noble example! Who leads the Revolution in Sicily? The Nobles. Who anticipate the wish of the people in Sardinia? The King. Who braves Royalty in France? Not one more enthusiastic for liberty than such peers as Count d'Alton Shee, and Marquis de Boissy. Nobles and people, are for universal freedom. Consecrate yourselves, then, to the glorious faith, and let it be said of you, as the proudest honor earth can confer, or you win, that as far as they could, the slaveholders of Kentucky redeemed Republican America from human thralldom.

The New Men.

Is it not rising? The old is waning, and old things are passing away with it. Not what is pure and good in them; these remain to purify and swell the light of the new men! But the harsh discord of tyrannical rule is fast being crushed, and the harmony of a truer social condition seen, recognized, struggled for. Long will it be ere we realize the song of the poet; but it will be realized. Let us toil on then, never doubting, never fearing, patient, and full of faith to the end!

A brighter morn awaits the human day. When every transfer of earth's natural gifts shall be a commerce of good words and works; when poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame, the fear of infamy, disease, and war, with its million horrors, and fierce hell shall live in the memory of time. Who, like a peasant libertine, shall start, look back, and shudder at his younger years.

France a Republic.

The Galathea, with fourteen days later dates, (she sailed on the 12th inst.) arrived at Boston, March 28. The telegraphic accounts, necessarily, are meagre, and when matters of such moment are pending, unsatisfactory. This is clear, however, that France has established a Republic, and that she is recognized as such by the principal nations of Europe. For details, see steamers' news.

All was quiet in France. Louis and wife, with Guizot had reached England; Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville, were off Toulon, and were safe. Very soon the people would meet to establish a Republican Government!

What may not a people do when resolved to accomplish great things? John Quincy Adams. C. F. ADAMS, we hear, will soon put to press his father's works. We are rejoiced to learn this. The son, in any country would be honored for his virtue, courage, and fidelity to truth, and the cause of human rights. Who so fit, then, to edit such a sire's works? They were carefully revised by Mr. ADAMS, and will make, it is said, some eighteen or twenty large volumes.

An Advance.

Statistics of the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, as taken from the Journal of the General Convention of 1847:

	1835.	1847.	Increase.
Clergy,	19	28	9
Communicants,	763	1,404	641
	36,416	85,500	47,084

We call attention to the advertisement of C. H. Barkley. He is a trustworthy, industrious gentleman; and we are confident that business confided to him will be faithfully attended to.

Mr. SOULE, of New Orleans, was punished for contempt of Court, by Judge McHenry of that city. While in prison, he was treated like a Prince. There is something wrong here—in the court or the people.

The Cholera had disappeared at St. Petersburg Russia. Dr. Sumner has been chosen Primate of England, to succeed the Archbishop of Canterbury deceased.

FATHER MATTHEW will be in the U. States in May next. Why not ask him to visit Louisville, Sons of Temperance?

Obituary Notice. We copy the following obituary notice from the Cincinnati Gazette: Died of Cholera Diarrhoea, in the Military Hospital at New Orleans, 21st February, 1848, JOHN B. WRIGHT, aged 14 years 3 months, son of the late Dr. Wright of this city, and grandson of the editor of the Gazette.

This youth, smitten with the pomp and pageantry of war, was a member of the late Capt. Kennedy's Company, Fourth Ohio Regiment; and after several months' arduous duty in Mexico, being prostrated by one of the diseases incident to the climate and the service, returned to the United States on the sick list, reaching New Orleans on the 17th ult., on his way to this city.

He had enlisted before entering the Fourth Ohio, and proceeded as far as Louisville, from which place he was brought back by friends. But being infatuated with the idea of the service, and seduced from his duty, he re-enlisted, and the end has been told.

The penalty is severe; but if this brief record of his error, and its consequences, commend itself to his former associates, and other youth of his years, his life, short as it was, will not have passed in vain.

The lesson is made more impressive, by the fact that he possessed traits of character which, fully and rightly developed, would have made him a peer in manhood one of honor and distinction.

The hand that penned this obituary was, we presume, the grandfather of the dead youth, and his heart bled while he was doing it. He loved the boy. Yet, not even this love could make him forget the duty he owed the living. That he has nobly performed, in a trying and sad hour, and every generous bosom, acquainted with it, will bless him for doing it, and sympathize with him in his sorrow.

And what an example! If we could but learn to speak the truth of the dead—how surely should we benefit and bless the living! And how could we harm the dead? Their very spirits would hover over us in joy for our honesty—True love for our kind—a holy and religious affection for the dead and the living—surely us, that if we could but give the true character of the departed, that the errors of youth, the crimes of manhood, and the vices of old age, might be greatly lessened, and happily avoided. Shall it be done? Shall the lofty example of Judge Wright be followed? We trust for the good of all that it may be!

Alas! for those who "seduced" the boy from his duty! If they be men, they will feel bitterly of soul as they remember his early death, and how they caused aged and pure hearts to bleed over his lone and untimely end.

New Territory—Who Rules over Them? The extreme doctrine of the perpetuists, that neither Congress, nor the people of a territory, have authority in or over it, as regards slavery, meets with no favor among Democrats or Whigs out of certain States. Leading prints of the South—among them we may mention the Raleigh Star, Savannah Georgian, Baltimore American—scout at it, and the Louisville Journal denounces its authors as attempting to foment sectional prejudices, and raise a sectional issue which no condition of things will warrant. It says, after declaring that the Wilnot Provision "presents no difficulty—for it raises no question, and that" the question of slavery does not appertain to the General Government.

In the territory now to be acquired in Mexico, slavery does not exist; and, by the general law, slaves taken into it, after it is acquired by the United States, in contemplation of law, are free—that is, in a suit for liberty by such slave, the Judge could be bound to declare them free. However after the admission of any part of this territory as a State of this Union, it would be for slave States to determine whether it would be for slaves or not.

The case is so. This we have endeavored to prove; if, indeed, proof were needed on a question so clearly settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Courts of the South, and by the State courts of Kentucky. We have forbore the introduction of slaves into the Commonwealth by the law of 1835, and we could not, on the one hand, deny the right to any other people, or seek, on the other, to force them to do as we wished. But let us, though this point is so clear, adduce one more authority, a Jurist alway national in his feelings and aims, the late Mr. Justice STORY. He says:

As the General Government possesses the right to acquire territory by treaty or conquest, it follows as an inevitable consequence that it possesses the power to govern what it has so acquired. The territory does not, when so acquired, become entitled to self-government, and it is not subject to the jurisdiction of any State. It must, consequently, be under the dominion and jurisdiction of the Union, or it would be without any government at all.

RAWLS, admitting the general view, restricts the right of Congress in particular—that is, in acquiring territory, with a number of civilized inhabitants, having a particular code of laws of their own, they have a right to demand its continuance, and it is only by the enactment of new laws by Congress that such code can be approved, altered, or rejected. The legal question, to territories, is settled, if any thing be settled.

The Marseillaise.

We have published Lamartine's interesting account of the origin and effect of this famous French hymn. ROBERT DE LÉVELL, the author, will long be remembered. It is the National Lyric of France, and will be sung in Europe, with wild enthusiasm, wherever blows are thickest in the fight for freedom. We copy, from the Tribune what is termed "an old, but admirable translation of the Marseillaise hymn."

Ye sons of France awake to Glory, Hark, hark what myrads bid you rise! Your children, wives and grandsons hoary, Behold their tears and hear their cries. Shall hateful Tyrants, miscreant brood, With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, Affright and desolate the land, While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

(CHORUS.)—To arms! to arms ye brave! The Aeneid's sword unsheath! March on, march on—all hearts resolved On Liberty or Death! Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling, Which truch rout Kings confederate raise; The dog of war let loose are howling, And lo! our fields and cities blaze. And shall we basely view the ruin, While lawless force with guilty stride Spreads desolation through our land? That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; But Freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are unavailing.

Armed Force—Unarmed Truth. Paris was surrounded with forts, belted in with them. Looking at their solid foundation, and their capacity for raining iron-hail upon the city, Louis said, his Ministers vauntingly declared, "we are safe, as people will batter at these monsters, or the armed men that master them!"

The people, the deputies of the people, in pacific garb, demanded their right. Opinion was stagnant opinion. The flag of light was given, and lo! unarmed truth, defeated Royalty, and his armed men, and have turned their palaces and forts into hospitals, and places of refuge for the sick, and suffering, and wounded. Who need fear in the huge waste, between truth and falsehood? Truth, unarmed though she be, will always conquer.

Industry! Industry! What will it not accomplish? All as the poet says—

All is the gift of Industry! Whatever exalts, embellishes, and renders life delightful. Yet how are we to practice it—how inspire and perpetuate this virtue—unless we inspire ourselves and others with a love for it—with strong motives to cultivate and encourage it? We may not disguise our condition, nor mistake its consequences. If we do, we shall rue it.

The wise men of the past saw and felt the effect of slavery upon industry in their day. They made the same comparisons we do, to exhibit it. Said Governor Morris in 1787:

Compare the regions of the middle States, where a rich and noble cultivation marks the prosperity and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overspread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and other States having slaves. Travel through the whole continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery. The moment you leave the Eastern States, and enter New York, the effects of the institution become visible. Passing through the Jerseys, and entering Pennsylvania, every criterion of superior improvement witnesses the change. Proceed Southwardly, and every step you take through the great regions of slaves presents a desert, increasing with the increasing proportion of these wretched beings.

Is the contrast less striking now? It is more so. Exhausted lands are valueless; rich soils made poor; no progress any where; none of the means and appliances which make and mark greatness and growth.

What is this that builds up the State?

Simply this, that the poor and the enterprising make it their home, and love it as such. Ohio has been created out of the wilderness by such men. All the new States are created in this way. The free go there with their labor, hire it out 'til they get enough to buy a farm, or own a shop—and then as proprietors employ others who come on the same errand they did. But our Kentucky slavery is an inseparable bar against the immigration of the poor and the enterprising from the older States and Europe. They will not, and they should not, settle where this richest and most creative of all wealth-free labor—is degraded by slavery. Put the question to yourself, reader, and ask whether you would be willing to hire your time and intelligence in a State where your industry would be stamped as slavish. The South receives, comparatively, no immigration from free States. Nor can she. Hence are we cut off by the monster evil of our age and land, from the great source of growth.

What is it that sustains a State?

We hear people say sometimes "Oh you talk of the depopulation of the South—look at Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas—these are new States—they are all filling up; all growing." Admit it. But how are they filling up? By planters from the old States, who have left their homes and lands to exhaust again the rich virgin soil of the West. And what will be their growth? Just what South Carolina's was. They will start well—look vigorous for a season—flag—fall—fall. For the vital principle is wanting to sustain a State whose slavery exists, as we may discern, if we will but look diligently upon the Northern States. Where there is labor degraded! All is reciprocal. If the farmer hires laborers, or the manufacturer workers, they have no cause of quarrel with each other, no ground for ill-will, no opposition. They all toil together—employers and employed. They who hire their labor to farmers, do so for their gain, and expect ere long to obtain means to buy for themselves a farm. Thus wealth goes on accumulating—population increasing—and the power of the State multiplying with rapid progress. The reverse of this is the case in the South. There the slave comes in—degrades labor—robs it of its vital principle of growth—and leaves it poor in resources, weak in wealth, monotonous in employment, and sinks it lower and lower every year in all that gives or nurtures real power.

Nor can we, amid slavery, alter this condition of things. We hear men say, "introduce manufactures, vary labor, scatter the wealth of the South, teach it industry, force it to toil and become enterprising, and the South would be equal to the North." Well, do it! It is easy to talk. The South Carolina men are at this now. We have before us an able article from the Columbia Carolinian, and two long letters, from distinguished citizens, asserting and showing, that the only "want" is "the resolve to do," to make South Carolina as thrifty and thriving as Connecticut. It cannot be done. God's eternal laws put this beyond the power of mortal man. Only reason upon it a moment, independent, wholly of the general effect of slavery upon industry. No man at the North needs cash capital to start with. Free air and a firm tread, and the opportunity to work, is all that he wants. His muscles and head will do the rest. He will sell his labor, as we have already said, and with that create wealth and buy his farm. And if there be capital which seeks investment in manufactures, or foundries, or large establishments of any industrial character, the owners hire their operatives—fifty, an hundred, three hundred, five hundred—to ply the machinery, or toil at the forge, or do whatever is needed, giving them pay, weekly, for their work. But how is it in the slave States? There operatives for farms, for manufacturing purposes, have to be bought first—and thus, at the outset, a barrier is raised up, which stops all healthy and onward movements in this respect. We have few small manufacturers—few small farmers—few small tradesmen; the tendency is to drive all such away—not only because slavery demands large plantations—but because it monopolizes business, and property within a limited circle of individuals. Add to this the facts already stated, that slavery degrades labor, that the slaves are non-producers, and make, by their existence as such, the laboring whites around them non-producers, to a great extent also, and we must admit that the South, while slavery exists, cannot succeed, largely, in introducing manufactures, diffusing wealth, or teaching our people to be industrious, enterprising—or making, in the true sense of the word, the majority of our white laborers, producers.

A friend of ours, and in other days, a playmate, in Carolina, says, "we can make slave labor intelligent, if we cannot purchase otherwise intelligent labor," and thus manufacture profitably. Impossible. We say this, not that we differ from him as to the fact, that the negro may be made intelligent. We would not mock our God with a blasphemy so wild and irreverent, as to say, or suppose, that he had not given all his creatures, the capacity to attain the fullest stature of manhood, but that he color what it may—Nor yet do we question the assertion, if slaves were taught to read the bible, to respect the rights of marriage, and were, by law, protected in their family relations and home ties, that their labor could be made fourfold more productive than it is. We believe it would be. But such a "step forward" at the South, now, is an utter impossibility. Look, friend, at the slave code of our native State! No barbarian Emperor has one so cruel. No savage King mocks humanity with one so inhuman. If repeated to you as being the rule of Algiers, in its worst day, or of ferocious and wildest savages, you would declare it to be monstrous, even for pirate Africa, or cruellest of human monsters! And, then, the idea of buying intelligent labor where labor is degraded! It is ridiculous as the dream of holding the winds in the palm of your hand. Why,

here before us, even while we are writing, stands a native Kentuckian, who but lately pledged his faith at the altar to a fair girl, born like him of the soil, (no abolitionist, indeed he is full of wrath almost then, who says, "I would rather die almost than leave, but I will not stand on the degradation which slavery puts upon me and mine." Money will do much. It can buy men for office—make slaves of them, if it put a feather in their caps. But there is one thing it cannot do—it cannot make the intelligent laborers of our land submit to personal degradation—it cannot, if they be heaped before them high as the Alps, lay them to sacrifice their wives and children. The idea—the hope—rather—of our South Carolina friend—is futile. It can never be realized while slavery endures as it is.

Let no one say or suppose that we write as we do because we love not the South. We love it with our whole heart. We love its genial nature—its warm hospitality—its generous impulse. We like its manners. We like, above all, its manliness, as regards the general bearing of its people. And though we hate slavery, as an unappealing curse in itself, as inflicting biting ills, and disasters upon our own race, while enslaving another, yet, in the hope to heal the horrible wound it has inflicted, to restore the bleeding patient to full and vigorous health—we would strive—diligently and religiously strive—in doing so—to palliate every suffering and protect every interest. We would have the South, indeed, be its own physician. We would have it recognized before the world, as an exemplar, ready to acknowledge the intolerable evil of slavery, and good and great enough to do exact and even justice to its victims.

Judge Walker's and William Greene's Oration, &c. CINCINNATI, March 27, 1848.

This is a "plaguey" big city, and "peaky" troublesome to get through. If the sun shines, the people are so numerous, there is no getting along with comfort, and if it rains, the mud is so thick there is danger of man and beast falling. This Cincinnati is a bee-hive—every body busy—all at work—nothing but work, work, work!

The twenty-second (the civic celebration of Mr. Adams's funeral services) was to have been, on the head of my grandson, a show which I have received from the French Nation. This act is conditional. But Louis Philippe is in no condition to help himself, or be helped by others. He can raise no army in France to fight for him. Switzerland will sympathize with the Revolution; Italy is now for liberty, and will heartily second it; Belgium cannot oppose; and England will not interfere. Russia, Austria, and Prussia alone could make war. Will they? The Courier says, not. They may gather troops—advance to the frontier—but will not take the first step towards an attack. France then is safe.

We give the conclusion of the Courier Des Etats Unis, reflections on the French Revolution. France is thus safe upon all her frontiers except that of the Rhine. It is the only quarter where defence for the monarchy can be hoped; and that must be a defence against the rest of Europe. The only three powers whose constitution and hostility are against her, are Austria, Prussia, and Russia. The last having no point of contact with France, can only act with one of the other two. But Prussia and Austria have in their own hands the source of disturbance so numerous, and the position of France upon the Rhine is so strong, that neither of them will move; they will doubtless their forces—they will hold them ready—but they will not take the first step towards an attack.

If France, on her side, shall take this step, it will only be in the way of an appeal to the people of Poland—the inhabitants of the old provinces of the Rhine or some other German people held by a few lordly monopolists of the soil. In Prussia, royalty has already been forced to yield to reform—in Bavaria it is covered with contempt.

Left entirely free, France will achieve, we trust, without convulsion, her political and social regeneration. She will convert Europe to Republicanism by the force of her example—Plunged into wars, she will come forth victorious, and will cut by the sword the knot which the hand of time will untie. But whatever may be the nature of her action, and her influence, that action will be powerful, that influence supreme. Having left for a time the pedestal created for her, the Republic and the Empire, France again ascends it. She now the Light Priest of European Liberty. May she not be forced to bathe in blood the altars which her own hands have raised to the freedom of her people? May she feel this high priesthood peacefully both abroad and at home!

Are you fond of old things? "When good," I hear you answer. Well, here is a hymn from Sir Henry Wotton that is good. It was sung at the Cincinnati celebration on the 23d, and produced from its apoplexy a marked sensation. As the music swelled, and the words, in clear melodious accents were heard over the dome, a thrill of joy animated it, and the thought upmost in every heart was, that the patriot of the nineteenth century had lived out what the bard of the sixteenth had sung.

How happy he is born and taught, That serves not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his highest skill! Whose passions not his master's are, Whose soul is still prepared for death, Untied unto the worldly care, Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Or vice, who never underlies; Whose deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of State, but rules of good; Who hath his land from rumors freed, Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth love and early pray, More of his grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a religious book or friend; This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all.

Diplomatic Relations with Rome. The policy of having diplomatic relations with Rome, has been thoroughly discussed in Congress and the British Parliament, and in both it has been resolved to establish them.

The character of the objections to this policy, was the same in both countries. The Bishop of Winchester, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Badger, in the United States Senate, used the same arguments. The mission would be to the Pope—it was his Holiness that ruled Rome—and no protestant land should recognize, directly or indirectly, the spiritual right which he asserted.

In reply, it was urged, that the measure was no concession to Roman Catholics—no recognition of the Pope as such. It was to send a mission to a real temporal power—the withholding of which might be hurtful to public interests, and would transmute commercial relations. The Bishop of St. David's, in the House of Lords said:

There is a wide distinction between political connection and spiritual authority. I have no fears that the interests of Religion will be compromised by a mission to Rome. I am delighted with the progress of events in Italy, and must respect the character and ability of Pius. But because he is a Pope, we cannot affect to ignore his existence as a temporal Prince, or refuse secretly to have connection with his agents. I simply ask that an ecclesiastic may be forbidden from being an ambassador, and I will heartily support the measure.

A mission to Rome has been determined upon by both countries. England forbidding an ecclesiastic to be sent as ambassador.

Mail failures are very frequent. Where are the merchants, chambers of commerce, &c? They ought to remonstrate against these failures. They don't occur at the East without cause, and they don't occur there, because the mercantile interest will not permit it. A like energy in the West will produce a like result.

O'Reilly is at Memphis, with wire, &c., and means to have his line in operation in a short time.

Mr. BEATTY, the special Roman Ambassador to St. James, arrived in England last month.

The Mt. Vernon, steamer, caught fire, and the heat caused the explosion of the steam pipe. No lives lost.

Edmond Barrot. This deputy is one of the independent men of the world. He loves freedom as a principle—must have it, or perish. His probity is beyond a question. He is loved, honored. Office has been within his reach since 1815, high honors; he has refused them all! He would be free—an honest representative of Frenchmen—and he chose, therefore, to eschew the favors of the Court, and all the insignia of distinguished place. He is eloquent—whole-souled—and possesses that kind of manliness which makes an individual noble and great in any presence, whether of royalty or people.

Coincidences. A London paper notes as remarkable a series of coincidences between the Parisian revolutions of 1830 and 1848. It was on Sunday, July 25, 1830, that the Ministers of Charles X. resolved upon the fatal ordinances which brought on the outbreak; it was on Sunday, February 20, that the Cabinet of Louis Philippe resolved to forbid the reform banquet.

It was on Monday, July 26, 1830, that the journalists of Paris began to excite the people; it was on Monday, the 21st of February, 1848, that the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies protested against the resolution of the Ministers. On Tuesday, July 27, the revolution of 1830 began—ending on Thursday the 29th; on Tuesday, February 22, the revolution of 1848 began, and it also ended on Thursday, when Louis Philippe abdicated.

The Act of Abdication.

The Courier Des Etats Unis, has a letter from Paris, dated February 25th, which announces that "all danger has ceased"—that "the red banner had been everywhere unfurled in place of the tri-color"—that "the Provisional Government was surrounded by the people"—that "Louis Blanc had proclaimed the Republic"—and that Gen. Bedeau was appointed minister of war, and commander of the first military division, and Gen. Lamoriciere would set out for the frontier. The question, whether France shall be a republic, will be submitted to the people.

The act of Abdication is laconic. It is in these words: "I abdicate to the hands of the French people, on the head of my grandson, the crown which I have received from the French Nation."

This act is conditional. But Louis Philippe is in no condition to help himself, or be helped by others. He can raise no army in France to fight for him. Switzerland will sympathize with the Revolution; Italy is now for liberty, and will heartily second it; Belgium cannot oppose; and England will not interfere. Russia, Austria, and Prussia alone could make war. Will they? The Courier says, not. They may gather troops—advance to the frontier—but will not take the first step towards an attack. France then is safe.

We give the conclusion of the Courier Des Etats Unis, reflections on

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Threading the Needle.—Mrs. Harris' Story.

Aut, dear me! what needles!—well really I must say,
All things are altered—(for the worse too) since my day!
The pins have neither heads nor points—the needles have no eyes,
And there's not a pair of scissors of the good old fashioned size!
The very bodkins now are made in fine new-fashioned ways,
And the good old British thimble—is a dream of other days!
Now that comes of machinery!—I'm given to understand,
That great folks turn their noses up, at all things done by hand.
Altho' it's easy proving to the most thick-pated dunce,
That things are done the better—for all being done at once.
I'm sure I often ponder, with a kind of awful dread
On those bold "spinning-jennies," that "go off," of their own head!
Those power-looms and odd machines—those whirling things with wheels,
That ever move "keep moving"—besides, one really feels
So superannuated-like, and laid upon the shelf—
When one sees a worsted stocking, get up, and knit itself!
"Ah! that comes of those Radicals! why Life's a perfect snarl of inventions! with their 'Progress' and 'Reform'!"
The good old days—the quiet times, that calmly used to glide,
Are changed into a steep, cross-country ride!
A loud view-hollo in our ears—away! away!
We go!
All levelling all distinctions, and a-mingling high and low;
All spurring on, with seats so tight, and principles so loose,
Whisk! over this old prejudice!—slap-bang!—
There's that old fellow, with his wheel,
No matter why—no matter where! without a stop or hitch,
And nobody has time to help his neighbor in the ditch!
And then, what turns and changes! Good Lord! I'd rather be
A joint-stool in a Pantomime—than some great folks I see!
Because in Pantomimes, a stool may turn to anything,
You're not surprised, if chairs step out to dance a Highland fling!
"A coffee-pot perhaps becomes a mitre by-and-by—
And everything is something else—and nobody asks why!"
But there's a rage for questioning, and meddling now-a-days!
And what one does, don't matter half so much as what one says;
And a minister can't change his mind, without such air and fuss,
That one would think the 'public voice' was some huge omphalos,
Which takes you to a certain point, whereat you must remain,
Until the same old *Mass* may choose—to take you back again!
For, (old enough) in all this change, they keep some order still,
And when they turn—turn all at once—like soldiers at drill;
But won't allow a public man, a private pique, or
When once his part of Harlequin, or Pantaloon, is set,
And that's what makes their Pantomime so dull, and such a bore,
That their joint-stool must still remain—a joint-stool ever more.
"Now that comes of Newspapers! I know in my young days,
'Least said, soonest mended,' was a maxim worthy praise,
But were I to give counsel to the Public—as a friend,
'Little said is soonest written,' is the rule I'd recommend,
Such snapping-up and setting down! Reporters, left and right!
All bent on pinning down a man to lie, in black and white!
Such raking up of Hansard! such flinging in one's face,
Such a feeding and a proving—and a calling out of coals,
As if it really mattered to our poor immortal souls,
That Thingamob should think or say, on question so and so,
That foolish things he thought and said—some forty years ago!
There's one thing in those papers, tho', I'm very glad to see,
That many more old *certain* think very much like me:
I've even told that certain Dukes, will echo back my groan,
And sigh for those dear golden days, when we 'left-well, alone!'—"
—Lady Duffin.

Record of a Police Officer.

"You mustn't be defacing the walls hereabouts; you're old enough to know better; move on," was the warning addressed by a police constable to an old man on whom toil as well as time had pressed heavily, but who yet seemed less bowed down by these than by some great and bitter trouble. He appeared to have been writing with a piece of chalk some unintelligible words on the wall. On he moved without a remonstrance, unless a deep sigh might be so interpreted.
It was a bleak, raw evening in autumn. Heavy rain succeeding to the dust of a fortnight's dry weather, had made the streets wet and slippery as after the breaking up of a frost. Thick lowering clouds, through which not a star struggled, threatened yet more rain. Wandering on apparently without any settled course, the old man stopped in another street (it was somewhere in the extreme west of the metropolis) with the same intention as before. His chalk was already applied to a dwarf garden-wall, over which, among some leafless trees, hung a lamp; when he was again interrupted by a constable on duty, who charged him with a design of leaping the wall; a harder task to him of the bent frame and shrivelled limbs, than scaling the walls of Newgate would have been to the sturdy questioner. But it was the constable's business to be suspicious, and the wanderer seemed to feel that it was in the nature of his task, whatever it might be, to excite suspicion. Again he moved on as directed, with the admonition not to be again found lurking in that neighborhood.
The wind, as he traversed the streets, seemed to oppose his progress at every turn; and the rain, which now began to fall, was sure to beat in his face, whether he moved north or south, east or west. The poor old wanderer soon came to a standstill once more. The spot was lonelier and darker, and while the shower beat fiercely against him, he had recourse to his chalk, and contrived to scrawl upon some rough boards that enclosed the scaffolding of an unfinished building, amidst bricks and rubbish, a sentence or two, formed in lines anything but parallel, and of letters of many shapes and sizes. He labored hard to make every letter distinct, and connected them as well as he could in the uncertain light; but the rough surface would have puzzled an abler penman to write legibly. What he at last managed with such pain and difficulty to chalk on the boards, few could have deciphered in broad daylight; even supposing that the pelting rain did not wash the inscription away before day dawned.
Having finished it, he threw upward to the heavens, now entirely obscured by chilling and dreary vapor, a look in which a feeling of hope temporarily struggled with anguish and despair, and the smile with which he turned to proceed on his comfortless and weary way, seemed to tell of something lighter at his heart than a dull and

stifling sense of the utter uselessness of persevering.

For three or four hours he continued to wander on, stopping at intervals, as often as opportunity offered, to chalk upon the enclosures of new buildings, on dead walls, or on the doors of outhouses, or stabling, which he could not spell, and had barely a chance of making legible. Patiently did he repeat the essay, and slowly did he labor to give distinctness to what he wrote. Often interrupted, he constantly resumed his endeavor until the interruption ceased. * * * And frequent and fierce were the assaults to which his perseverance exposed him, as he slowly and silently crawled on his way, and then recommenced the seemingly forlorn and crazy experiment with his piece of chalk. Not with harsh and threatening words alone, but often with rude and violent thrusts, was the pedestrian driven along; but he renewed his attempt when out of sight, and raised his eyes every two or three minutes to the starless and unimpying sky, in muttered and inarticulate prayer for a blessing on his endeavor.

He had now threaded his way through a vast number of streets, generally avoiding the leading and crowded thoroughfares, when he found himself in one of the obscurest parts of Marylebone. Sick at the very heart, weary to a degree that under less stimulating circumstances, would have been utter exhaustion, the shops nearly all closed, and the streets scant of passengers, while the rain, descending less fitfully with abated gusts of wind, gave sign of its continuance; the old man did now feel desolate almost beyond endurance; when, as he passed a house that stood somewhat backward in a quiet corner of the street, a sound of merry-making, of jocular, laughing, screaming, human voices broke upon his ear. The wanderer suddenly stopped. What a contrast between their noisy shouting revels, and the bleak and dreary silence of that old man's aching heart! But his heart now beat, gently at first, and then more strongly and more quickly—beat with a pulse that owned a keen and penetrating pleasure for its mover, as his ear caught in those sounds of unrestrained and riotous rejoicings the voices of children.

It was a holiday-making, a birthday celebration, and they were sitting up late, with sparkling eyes that seemed as if they were never to know sleep again, to a genuine snip-dragon, anticipating Christmas. The old man felt the rain less than ever, though it poured fast upon him from the ledge over the shutters, while he listened intently to discriminate the various voices of the shouters, and catch them separately as they broke forth and blended into one wild tumult of delight. Each in succession he seemed to note and dwell upon; from the low, inward, bubbling, heart-shaking laugh, intensely joyous, and struggling to escape into the relief of loudness, to the high-pitched, long-breathed, uncontrollable scream of rapture that terminates, only just in time, in tears and panting. The same happy voice and the same wild laugh he recognised again and again; yet the pleasure within him died away, and his heart shrank up, and lost its glow, and felt still, and cold, and desolate as before. He had heard them all, all the little voices one after another; he was certain that his ear had not missed a single sound; but it had recognised no tone that was familiar to him, no music like that it craved; no, nothing like it; for among the sounds of earth there was no resemblance to the sweet, low music of that one voice for which his soul, rather than his sense, was evermore listening night and day, in the wild visions of sleep, as in the desert haunts, to (to him) unpeopled streets of the thronged and unwholesome city.

But might there not be among the crowd of happy faces round the table, one silent child, one sad quiet gazer, one pale and gentle beholder of happiness in which she could not entirely participate, although she could not quite shut the sense of it from her heart, one whose breathings were of stifled regret more than of active joy, of fear, surprise, and thoughts of tears shed recently, and to be shed again too soon, rather than of pleasure in the rude and novel liveliness of the scene. It was foolish, very foolish, he knew; it was vain and useless; yet something it seemed to be a whisper in his heart, told him it might be. Should he knock; and pray, not in the name of humanity, but of Heaven that put divinity in it, for the charity of a kind answer to one fond and silly question! Should he risk the sharp repulse, and trust for his excuse to those beautiful sympathies, to those exquisite emotions of nature, which linking the old to the young, parents and children, in that common dwelling, were converting it into a temple of concord, charity, and love!

Such were his thoughts; though they wore, as they awoke within him, a homelier garb. He sat down on the door-step to wait. After a time, a coach came for some of the children; he saw them, one by one, but they were strangers. Half a dozen went, and then more. He scanned their features as though he half-hoped to see some face he knew. At last all were gone. The fancy that even into that fold of luxury (compared with his own home,) amongst that gay and fortunate flock, one shorn lamb might have strayed and found shelter, was indeed idle. The door closed, driving the shivering old man upon that desolate prospect and despairing task, from which he had been thus attracted by sudden peals of childish laughter, and the associations to which they had given rise.

Now once more he journeyed onward. * * * He bent his steps (the clock warning him it was near daybreak) to his wretched home, in one of the poorest districts of Westminster. Advanced but a little way, he stopped to make one final trial with the friendly chalk, the last piece of which was now reduced to a size so small, that it was with difficulty he could hold it. It crumbled away before he could finish the few words. * * * When once more the long-darting rays of a lantern were turned upon him, a strong hand had dragged him over the mass of rubbish, and hurried him, spent and exhausted, to the nearest station-house.

The next morning he was carried rather than led before a magistrate. The charge against him was established; he had been detected chalking on walls and doors, and qualifying himself for the House of Correction. Thither he was about to be committed, when it occurred to the magisterial mind that the culprit might have been writing treason on the walls.
"I don't think it was treason," said one of the constables "cause he don't seem quite right in his mind. He complains of having lost his little child; his grand-child last-ways." * * * His story was told in a few simple words.

The child's mother, his only daughter, had deserted him before she was seventeen years old. A vicious life ended in a miserable death; but in the midst of that vice and misery grew into being that delicate flower of humanity, which he had hoped so long as he drew Heaven's breath, to guard from the rude storms of the world. More, far

more than a daughter to him, was that hapless and innocent being. As the child of his child, she seemed to bear a double life, and to claim a double love. Scant even to extreme poverty were his means; he was too feeble to pursue his occupation as a day-laborer, yet he wanted to be contrived to supply. And one day lately, while he had been employed out of doors, the fair, prattling, sweet-tempered girl, who was to him not more a thing that he should protect with his life than an angel watching over and sanctifying it, suddenly disappeared. The lodgers in the house had seen her playing in the sunshine at the door; then a neighbor observed her at the end of the court listening to some musicians; and another noticed her looking into a picture-shop two streets off; beyond this there was no intelligence. She might have wandered into the wilderness of streets, been kidnapped, or crushed under wagon-wheels.

The old man was too miserably poor to pay for the printing of hand-bills; and for three long nights had he paced the streets of the city, east and west, chalking on the walls the statement of his loss, the name of the little wanderer, and a description of her person. He described the eyes and hair of his beloved grand-daughter.

"Lost, a little girl, named Mary Rose, six years old, had on a green spotted frock; blue eyes, and light soft hair, long and curled on the neck; tall, and speaks quick, with a sweet voice. Wandered from her grand-father, Green Arbour court," &c.

Such were the words, though not so spelt; I know not how the incident may effect others; it may seem very trifling, but to me it appeared not undeserving a place among those chronicles of real life that record what is most profound and beautiful in natural affection. What a heart of love had that old man! and how impotent such words—"blue eyes," "soft curled hair," and "sweet voice," to speak the sense of beauty that made part of its overflowing fondness. How impossible by such phrases to make the stranger see in the lost child, the image of loveliness on which his soul hung until the earthly became as something heavenly! What a lifetime of anxiety and dread must have been compressed into these three nights and days, so spent in threading the endless maze of London!

Everywhere but to his home he had gone; there he scarcely dared to go; the dark, silent, empty room looked like a grave that had been dug for him. And thither, as he wearily returned, the past night would have been one of transport. The dove had flown back to the ark. The little creature had been awake all night long; but now she slept, unconscious of the loving, rapturous, half-blinded eyes that dropped tears of joy as they watched beside her. —*Laman Blanchard.*

Moose Hunting in Canada.

In making a cabin for the night, the Indians took off their snow shoes and used them to shovel out a chamber in the snow about twenty feet in length, by twelve in width; throwing the contents up so as to build a wall round it. They next cut some young fir trees, and arranged them: leaning against each other as rafters, to form a roof, cross branches were laid over these, and a ceiling of birch bark, which is here like broad pieces of leather, completed this part. An opening on one side was left for a door, and the centre of the roof, uncovered was the chimney, two large fresh logs were laid across the middle of the cabin, on which was lighted a pile of dry wood. The arrangement of the inside was a line of pillows, formed of snow, at both ends of the fire; our feet were to be close to the fire, half the party lying on each side of it. Saps made up a soft couch on the cold floor, and buffalo robes were our bed clothes.

When these luxurious arrangements were finished, we went to the river, carrying an axe, fishing lines, and bait; cleared a part of the ice with our snow shoes, and with the axe cut a hole in it, about a foot square down to the water. The admission of the fresh air evidently gave the unfortunate trout an appetite, for, as fast as the line was put down, one of them pounced on the bait and found his way to our basket, where he was immediately frozen to death; when he reappeared, to be cooked, he was as hard as if he had been salted and packed for six months. We soon got tired of this diversion and returned to our lodging.

The Indians had cut firewood for the night and were busy piling it at the door; a large kettle, hung from the rafters by a rope made of green branches, and filled with a savory mess of pork, peas, and biscuit was boiling over the fire; a smaller one sang merrily by its side, with a fragrant brew of tea. The cabin was warm, and with the robes spread out, looked very comfortable; loops of birch-bark in the clefts of two sticks stuck in the snow served as candlesticks; our valuables, including the brandy-bottle, were placed in a leathern bag at the head of our sofa, and carefully locked up.

We ate a few of the trout, and tasted the Indians' mess, but our main dependence was on one of the cases of preserved meats, of which we had laid in a stock for the expedition. We had boiled it carefully in water according to the directions, and one of the Indians opened it with an axe; we were ravenously hungry, each armed with a plate for the attack, but to our great disappointment, such odors issued from it that even the Indians threw it away in disgust. We richly deserved this, for attempting such luxury in the bush.

The Indians all knelt in prayer for some time, before going to sleep; each producing his rosary, and repeating his devotions in a low monotonous voice. The unfortunate dogs had not been allowed to eat anything; to make them more savage against the moose; or to come near the fire, perhaps, to make them hotter in the chase; they all kept prowling about outside in the snow, occasionally putting their heads into the cabin for a moment, with a longing look. When during the Indians' devotions, they found so long a silence, they began stealthily, to creep in, one by one, and seat themselves round the fire. One, unluckily, touched the heel of the apparently most devout among the Indians, who turned round, highly enraged, to eject the intruder, he had a short pipe in his teeth, while he showered a volley of French oaths at the dog, and kicked him out; when this was accomplished, he took a long pull at his pipe and resumed his devotions.

To a descent, we sat down on the snow shoes, holding them together behind, and skating along with great velocity, often meeting some obstruction in the way and rolling over and over to the bottom; there we lay buried in the snow, till, with ludicrous difficulty we struggled out again. * * * After about eighteen miles journey, we struck on another frozen river; the guide turned down its bed about a hundred yards to the west, then threw his burden aside, and told us we were at the place of stopping that night, and within two miles of the "Ravage," or Moose yard of which we were in search.

These animals sometimes remain in the same "ravage" for weeks together, till they have completely bared the trees of bark and young branches, and then only move away far enough to obtain a fresh supply; from this lazy life they become very fat at this time of the year. Our cabin was formed, and the evening passed much as the preceding one, but that the cold was not so severe. Having worn off the novelty of the situation, we composed ourselves quietly to read for some time, and after that slept very soundly.

The morning was close and lowering, and the snow began to fall thickly when we started for the "ravage," with four of the Indians, and all the dogs; the fresh-falling snow on our snow shoes made the walking very heavy; it was also shaken down upon us from the branches above, when we happened to touch them, and soon melting, wetted us. The temperature being unusually high that day, in a short time the locks of our guns were the only things dry about us. The excitement, however, kept us warm, for we saw occasionally the deep track of the Moose in the snow, and the marks of their teeth on the bark and branches of the trees. These symptoms became more apparent as we approached the bottom of a high steep hill; the dogs were sent on ahead, and in a few minutes, all gave tongue furiously in every variety of curish yell. By this time the snow had ceased falling, and we were able to see some distance in front.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of several Moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a stand still; and, as we emerged from a thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large Moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs still at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third; at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on; but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down hill through very thick brush, and could not see him, but his panting and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. In several places the snow was deeply ploughed up, where he had fallen from exhaustion, but again struggled gallantly out, and made another effort for life.

He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost impudently upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist; I fired and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes would have tripped me up to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel, he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow. The dogs would not touch him; nor would even the Indians; they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.—*Hochelaga.*

Ice in India.

We chanced to arrive in India almost simultaneously with one of the first importations of ice from America. It was most amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, when crowds of coolies were in attendance to carry off the portions required by their employers; these portions were immediately enveloped in thick blankets, and inclosed in baskets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their respective destinations.

I watched two or three Ayahs crowding round a basket which had just arrived; they were all eager to touch the novelty; but immediately on feeling its extreme coldness, ran away exclaiming that it was "burning hot."—very hot. A child, too, cried violently, and told his mamma that the "English glass had burnt his fingers." I was not a little surprised, too, on several occasions, to see the ice brought to table as the greatest possible luxury, and handed round to persons to mix with their wine, which, although cooled with saltpetre and Glauber salts, had not attained a much lower temperature than that of new milk. The ice in question was brought out as a means of preserving a large quantity of American apples in good condition for the Calcutta market, when the ice unexpectedly proved a more lucrative species of merchandise than the fruit.—*Narrative of a Residence in India.*

Love.

Love was ever my starry;
Bred in sorrow, born in pain;
Tossed about on troubled waters;
By a scornful arrow slain.
Wherefore, then, O fairest lady,
Bid me sing of love again?
I was young, and I was dreaming,
When a burning vision came,
Lighted up my eyes with passion,
Touched my cheeks with crimson shame,
Smote my heart, that shrank and trembled,
Till it burst asunder in flame.
Long the vision seemed to linger;
Then, without a smile or sound,
Passed beyond my humble region,
Like the sun when seaward bound,
Glorious—but content with having
Cast a glory on the ground.
Now I dwell within the shadows,
And the dream that came of yore
Lingers on another passion—
Loving Love, and its fiery martyr,
Master still, for ever more!
—*Berry Cornwell.*

Progress of Poetry.

In the natural progress of society, the songs which are the effusion of the feelings of a rude tribe, are gradually polished into a form of poetry still retaining the marks of the national opinions, sentiments, and manners, from which it originally sprung. The plants are improved by cultivation; but they are still the native produce of the soil. The only perfect example which we know of, of this sort, is Greece.—Knowledge and useful art, and perhaps in a great measure religion, the Greeks received from the East; but as they studied no foreign language, it was impossible that any foreign literature should influence the progress of theirs. Not even the name of a Persian, Assyrian, Phœnician, or Egyptian poet is alluded to by any Greek writer: the Greek poetry was, therefore, wholly national.—The Pelagic ballads were insensibly formed into the Epic, and Tragic, and Lyric poems; but the heroes, the opinions, and the customs, continued as exclusively Grecian, as they had been when the Hellenic minstrels knew little beyond the Adriatic and the Ægean. The literature of Rome was a copy from that of Greece. When the classical studies revived amid the chivalrous manners and feudal institutions of Gothic Europe, the imitation of ancient poets struggled against the power of modern sentiments, with various effect, in different times and countries;—but everywhere in such a manner, as to give somewhat of an artificial and exotic character to poetry. Jupiter and the Muses appeared in the poems of Christian nations. The feelings and principles of democracies were copied by the gentlemen of Teutonic monarchies or aristocracies. The sentiments of the poet in his verse, were not those which actuated him in his conduct. The forms and rules of composition were borrowed from antiquity, instead of spontaneously arising from the manner of thinking of modern communities. In Italy, when letters first revived, the chivalrous principle was too near the period of its full vigor, to be oppressed by this foreign literature. Ancient ornaments were borrowed; but the romantic form was prevalent; and where the forms were classical, the spirit continued to be romantic.—The structure of Tasso's poem was that of the Grecian epic; but his heroes were Christian knights. French poetry having been somewhat unaccountably late in its rise, and slow in its progress, reached its most brilliant period, when all Europe had considerably lost its ancient characteristic principles, and was fully imbued with classical ideas. Hence it acquired faultless elegance—hence also became less natural—more timid and more imitative—more like a feeble translation of Roman poetry. The first age of English poetry, in the reign of Elizabeth, displayed a combination—fantastic enough—of chivalrous fancy and fancying classical pedantry; but, upon the whole, its native genius was unsubdued. The poems of that age, with all their faults, and partly perhaps from their faults, are the most national part of our poetry, as they undoubtedly contain its highest beauties.

From the accession of James, to the Civil War, the glory of Shakespeare turned the whole national genius to the drama; and after the Restoration, a new and classical school arose, under whom our old and peculiar literature was abandoned, and almost forgotten. But all imported tastes in literature must be in some measure superficial. The poetry which once grew in the bosoms of a people, is always capable of being revived by a skilful hand. When the brilliant and poignant lines of Pope began to pall on the public ear, it was natural that we should revert to the cultivation of our indigenous poetry.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

Greek Mythology.

That which to us is interesting as the mere creation of an exuberant fancy, was to the Greek genuine and venerated reality.—The earth and the solid heaven (Gæa and Uranus) were both conceived and spoken of by him as endowed with appetite, feeling, sex, and most of the various attributes of humanity: instead of a sun such as we now see, subject to astronomical laws, and forming the centre of a system the changes of which we can ascertain and foreknow, he saw the great god Helios, mounting his chariot in the morning in the east, reaching at midday the height of the solid heaven, and arriving in the evening at the Western horizon, with horses fatigued and desirous of repose. Helios had favorite spots where, in his beautiful cattle grazed, he took pleasure in contemplating them during the course of his journey, and was sorely displeased if any man slew or injured them: he had moreover sons and daughters on earth, and as his all-seeing eye penetrated everywhere, he was sometimes in a situation to reveal secrets even to the gods themselves, while on other occasions he was constrained to turn aside in order to avoid contemplating scenes of abomination. To us these now appear puerile, though pleasing fancies, but to an Homeric Greek they seemed perfectly natural and plausible. In his view, the description of the sun, as given in a modern astronomical treatise, would have appeared not merely absurd, but repulsive and impious: even in later times, when the positive spirit of inquiry had made considerable progress, Anaxagoras and other astronomers incurred the charge of blasphemy for ascribing to Helios, and trying to assign invariable laws to the solar phenomena. Personifying fiction was in this way blended by the Homeric Greeks with their conception of the physical phenomena before them, not simply in the way of poetical ornament, but as a genuine portion of their every-day belief.—*Grote's History of Greece.*

Indian Sporting.

About half-past three we collected as many men as possible, and went out to beat the jungle through which Mr. L. and myself worked our way until we came to a small open space. There, one of us posted himself; the other went on until he found another similar spot, where he also stationed himself. As soon as the shikaree who was with us saw where we were ready, he stole out of the jungle, and placed the twenty-five men in a large semi-circle, our positions being the centre, and the radius about half-a-mile. As soon as they were stationed, at a signal they began to roar and groan, and make the most frightful noises, beating the bushes with their long bamboos, and pushing through the jungle towards the open space where we were placed. This was in a high jungle, and really the scene on such an occasion is most exciting. You stand on a small piece of fifteen or twenty yards in diameter, bounded on every side by lofty trees and thick underwood, your gun in your hand, your man behind you holding the next charge in readiness. In every quarter the shrieks and yells of the beaters are heard; presently there is a whirr in the air, and a peacock flies through the open space above your head. Bang goes the gun, off runs one of the men to pick up the bird; loud again! quick! hark! What a rush in the bushes! There it comes! An elk or stag,

shot but not killed; and a man rushes out and cuts the animal's throat. An alarm of "tiger!" was now given, but it proved false, as nothing but a wild cat darted over the glade. Shouts again rend the air, and a magnificent red peacock, with a deep green tail and neck of gold, flies over our heads, his long tail streaming behind him, and the brown hen at his side. The opening above our heads was small, and an immediate fire was necessary. I fired and missed him. The beaters now approached nearer and nearer, shouting, and their dark forms soon became visible, gliding one by one out of the jungle. Nothing more was to be found there; we accordingly moved on, and presently were beckoned by the shikaree. He pressed his finger to his lips, and whispered, "choop, choop," and pointing down a narrow opening in the jungle, showed us a large leopard, beautifully spotted, lying apparently asleep. While loading our guns the animal awoke, and was stealing off just as we had fired and hit him, though he contrived to crawl off. The next day, however, we found the body, as the arrow was poisoned. The skin is valuable. The shikaree, who proudly bore off the body, would suffer no one to assist him; but that same man would not carry home the merest trifle from the bazaar, but must be followed by a coolie. Captain W. soon met us, and we returned home to dinner, after which we sallied out by moonlight to seek some deer, but were unsuccessful.—*Rev. C. Acland's Manners and Customs of India.*

Venice—Titian.

Where but at Venice could Titian have lived and worked? I know not well how or why it is, but color, which seems elsewhere an accidental property of things, seems to be here a substance; an existence, a part of one's very life and soul—color vivid and intense, broken by reflected lights flung from glancing waters, and enhanced by strange contrasts of wide-spread sunny seas, and close-shut shadowy court-yards, overgrown with vines, or roses, or creeping verdure in all the luxury of neglect, each with its well and over-hanging fig-tree in the midst. These court-yards, haunts of quiet seclusion and mystery, in which I should think is concentrated the Venetian idea of a home—how few who visit Venice know of their cool, silent, picturesque recesses! Yet to understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly—its *coloriti* as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendour of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of the fulness of life; which we feel alike in Titian's pictures and in Venice.

And then his men and women—his subtle, dark, keen-eyed, grand-looking men; and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen, as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lido; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundancy, plaited, knotted, looped round the small elegant heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich-haired St. Catharines and St. Barbaras, one would have imagined them as even now walked into them—for the pictures were yet more like life than the life like pictures.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Tasting.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back on the ground, and despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the world like a stone-cutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the coloring matter in which the instrument was dipped. A cocoa-nut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with the vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candle-nut, always preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of hope and wood used in the various divisions of his art. A few terminated in a single fine point, and like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case in the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw. These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few, the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum. Altogether, the sight of these strange instruments recalled to mind that display of cruel-looking mother-of-pearl-handled things which one sees in their velvet-lined cases at the elbow of a dentist.

The artist was not at this time engaged on an original sketch, his subject being a venerable savage, whose tattooing had become somewhat faded with age and needed a few repairs, and accordingly he was merely employed in touching up the works of some of the old masters of the Typee school, as delineated upon the human canvas before him. The parts operated upon were the eyelids, where a longitudinal streak, like the one which adorned Kory-Kory, crossed the countenance of the victim.

In spite of all the efforts of the poor old man, sundry twitches and screwings of the muscles of the face denoted the exquisite sensibility of these shutters to the windows of his soul, which he was now having repaired. But the artist, with a heart as callous as an army surgeon, continued his performance, enlivening his labors with a wild chant, tapping away the while as merrily as a wood-pecker.—*Melville's Typee.*

'Punch' on Snobs.

When I was taking the waters at Baginige Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragon regiment. He wore jappaned boots and moustachios; he lisped, drawled, and left the "cr" out of his words; he was always flourishing about, and smooching his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odor of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob,

and that, either he or I should put the im. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak first; then I handed him the paper; then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a tooth-pick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Lines on an Engraving—Two Letters.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl,
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad that has his hair in curls,
My lord the Countess's page is
A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare
No breath of wind the heavy air
Hard by you see the castle wall,
The village nestles round the hall,
As round about the bon, its small
Young progeny of chickens
It is too hot to pace the keep,
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the Earl is sitting deep,
His noontide nap is sleeping;
The postern-warden is asleep;
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep,
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover
Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his coat upon a branch,
To guarantee his lady Blanche
His delicate complexion.
He takes his rapier from his launch,
That barbed dagger champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival paunch,
That questionable affection!
O heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark thought trout or jack
Or little foolish tickleback!
Your baited snags may capture
What care has she for line and hook!
She turns her back upon the brook
Upon her lover's eyes to become
In sentimental rapture
O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles away,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
Upon your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish creeps,
(Such as the Fox had for the grapes)
The poet your beholder.
To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo;
Is it not a pleasant calling?
And had I such a partner too,
A tender heart for mine to beat—
I'd let the world float at my feet,
And never heed his bawling
Thackeray.

Major's Pictures of Memory.

Perhaps there is no volume in our language of which it can be so truly said, as of the present, that it is equally exempt from the frailties of negligence and the vicissitudes of affection. Exquisite polish of style is indeed more admired by the artist than by the people. The gentle and elegant pleasure which it imparts, can only be felt by a calm reason, an exercised taste, and a mind free from turbulent passions.—But these beauties of execution can exist only in combination with much of the primary beauties of thought and feeling; and poets of the first rank depend on them for no small part of the perpetuity of their fame. In poetry, though not in eloquence, it is less to rouse the passions of a moment, than to satisfy the taste of all ages.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

AGRICULTURAL.

From the GEORGEAN FARMER.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.—As the manufacture of Maple Sugar is "in order" at this season, we copy from the *Transactions of our State Agricultural Society*, the following report of a committee on sugar—including the statements of the two competitors who received premiums, giving their modes of manufacturing, &c